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I knew of her name until now,) fell backward a few paces; by his respectful and awkward attitude I could easily comprehend that she must be a person of high rank. After his apish salutations were over, the general took me by the hand, and began to cudgel his brains for French phrases, of which unfortunately he knew but few: however, I understood that he meant to express his gratitude, and invited me to to go over with them; but this I sternly declined, adding that I had yielded to an impulse of humanity, and thought it better to transgress my duty, and come into an enemy's camp, than to forsake a female unprotected, and abandon her to the brutality of some imprudent soldiers; that having accomplished my purpose, I could never pollute the purest feelings, by which I had been actuated, by becoming a traitor to my country. The general had generosity enough to approve of my sentiments, and requested only to know my name; to this I had no objection. Matilda snatched my hand with tender eagerness again, and solemnly declared she would not part thus with her liberator; but on mine and the general's representations, she consented at length, with a condition that I would accept a ring, which presently I felt gently gliding through my fingers. Having bestowed a thousand of blessings on me, and prayed that we might soon meet again, we parted. The soldiers were as loud in their articulations, as they were unintelligible, and amidst the pain I felt in parting with that excellent wench, who had taken so much of my heart with her, I could not help laughing at their grateful galimathias, which was unfortunately all lost on me."—"But did you meet her again afterwards?" suddenly interrupted the colonel, not much satisfied with the end of the story, "and what was she, pray?" "I did meet her again, and very shortly after, when I myself had most need of comfort. Our next adventure was indeed wonderful, as you shall hear presently: her father was—but we are entering Exeter, and here is the inn, so if you please we shall defer it to another season."

# SONNET TO HERCULES.

(AN ALLEGORY.)

O, mortal son of the immortal Jove!  
 Visible of th' invisible, the link  
 'Twixt earth's high place and heaven's o'er-dark'ning brink!  
 Conceiv'd in wonders nature's course above,  
 From Jove's own pity and celestial love;  
 Not born of nature, yet thou didst not shrink  
 Life's chalice of disease and death to drink,  
 The bitter draught to sweeten and improve.  
 Thou didst descend to hell! victor descend,  
 Crushing the monster: all thy heav'n-born powers  
 Were granted for one great and glorious end,  
 To cleanse the life\* which is on this earth ours,  
 By labours and by sufferings—thus to lend  
 To evil time the light of holier hours!

B. S.

\* *Katastrophē* *Grec.*—*Lucian.*